

## Editorial Committee

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*Faculty Advisor*

Edwin Meek  
*Senior Lecturer, English*



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## Full Circle

Stephanie Baker

I now find myself as Alice in Wonderland did, peering through the looking glass toward the other side. Yet, unlike Alice who looks to see what's to be found, I look to see what's been lost.

It started out very innocently. There were a few empties lying around her room and she passed them off as her roommate Chelsea's. Deep down in my heart there was a part of me that didn't really believe her, but after all she'd been through I didn't think they'd be hers. She was too smart to make the same mistakes she'd seen others make. Jensen has always been smart and level-headed about decisions she's had to make and she's made them all with confidence. She's also always been very beautiful, almost exotic looking to me. She has shoulder-length dark hair, a great figure, and deep brown eyes. She's a beautiful girl who has been through a lot of pain in life.

I didn't worry about her until Chelsea asked me if I noticed anything strange with Jensen. Jensen and Chelsea had been best friends since childhood and I didn't want to hear that from her. She knew Jensen well.

"I noticed it Chelsea," I countered, "but I didn't want to believe it."

"Well she's been hanging out with Keith from her Senior Seminar class a lot and I think that has something to do with it."

"Keith? Keith Morgan? That musclehead from Delta House? I don't like him," I grabbed the tennis ball from my desk and began to squeeze, "I don't like him at all."

It wasn't that I didn't trust Jensen, I did. I trusted her with my life. It was Morgan I didn't trust with my last dollar. Standing in her room, I told Jensen that Morgan was bad news, but she didn't listen.

"Michael, he's not a bad kid. God, we're partners for our Senior Sem project and that's it. I don't want to marry him. Okay?"

"Yeah, I know. Forget it," was all I managed to say before she was out of the room and halfway down the hall to answer the

ringing phone.

"She's evading the issues again," I said to the empty dorm room as I reached for her desk drawer to get the book I came over to borrow. Tucked way in the back of the drawer behind a Russian Revolution book and a Webster's Dictionary was a bottle of Malibu Rum and it was half full! I didn't know what to think. My head began to spin so badly I thought I'd pass out. After all we'd been through with her mother's alcohol problem I was shocked to find the bottle hidden in her desk. I started for the door, bottle in hand and Jensen walked in.

"What the hell are you doing in my drawers? I thought you trusted me," she barked defensively, "that's a nice way to show it Mike." She took the bottle and slammed her door.

"Nice attitude you've got there Jens. What is your problem!" I felt my blood pressure rise and I realized I was yelling.

"I don't have a problem, just you - my self-appointed watchdog," she said sarcastically, "you're acting really rotten to me and I don't need this stress. I have two papers to write by Friday, a debate due Thursday and I have to work on my Senior Sem project too. I really don't need you scrutinizing every move I make. It's really aggravating. It's like you don't trust me anymore when I'm out of your sight."

That's not true and you know it Jensen. You've been evasive and sarcastic and defensive for the last two months and I can't play your games anymore. Fess up Jensen, what is that bottle?"

"It's Keith's."

"Why do you have it? What are you gonna do with it?"

"You know Michael, you're wasting you're time majoring in electronics, the way you grill me you should consider the FBI."

"Answer me."

"And if I don't?"

"Jensen!"

"What! What Michael? Should I have cleared it with you before I left it in my drawer?" She was getting angry now, "Does this sound at all crazy to you or is it just me? You're not my mother!"



"Was he in your room?"

She looked around the room completely avoiding my eyes. She always did this when she was afraid to tell me something.

"Yes," she said coldly.

"Oh," was all I managed to say. We'd been together since senior year of high school. We never kept secrets, we never tried to hurt each other and we never lied to each other. Not until now.

"I guess that's it, huh Michael? Do you want to hear anymore? Do you want to hear what Keith and I did here in my room after we drank half that bottle of rum?" She was trying to hurt me now. I could tell from the tone in her voice we were in trouble.

"I'm out of here. I don't think this is going anywhere but down, and I'm not ready for that now."

"There's the door."

It took two weeks before I actually got the nerve to talk to her again. I saw her in the Student Center and it went about as well as the last time I'd seen her. She wanted no part of me and I was beginning to realize I wanted no part of her. The "her" she became.

"You don't trust me do you?" She said.

"Should I?"

"You should; you just don't want to; do you? You've got some problem with Keith and you create all this tension between us because of it. Then when I begin to realize it's you that has the problem, you turn it around to be me and get all hung up on the alcohol thing. It wasn't mine and I don't drink. I won't drink. You think because we've been together so long I'm your property and I'm not allowed to talk to anyone else! I need some space."

"You need some space? Will space help your problem?"

"What problem is that?" She turned away.

"Nothing," I hesitated. "No, it's not nothing. It's definitely something. You've changed Jensen and I don't like it."

"Then get out." She walked to the door and opened it for me and stood there until I walked through.

As time went by it got harder and harder to go on with my everyday life. I didn't want to get up; I didn't want to get dressed

and I loathed going to class. There was six weeks left of classes and seven weeks until graduation. I couldn't do anything about it.

"Michael you can't let this run your life," Chelsea kept telling me, "she has a problem and you and I both know what it is. She has to work it out on her own like her mother did."

"I can't let her drink her life down the tubes like her mother," I retorted, "she means too much."

"I know Michael, but she won't let you in. She won't admit she needs help."

Chelsea was right. I didn't want to admit it but she was right. Jensen wanted nothing to do with me. She wanted everything to do with Keith. Worst of all, I think she started drinking, the worst possible thing for her to do.

Over the next few weeks Jensen and I couldn't even talk to each other and she saw more and more of Keith than ever. I did it. I pushed her away right into the arms of the biggest meathead on campus. Chelsea said she was getting the cold shoulder from Jensen too.

I went to Jensen's dorm to try and talk to her, but before I got to her dorm I heard Chelsea arguing with her.

"Jensen, what are you doing after class today? Can you meet me in the library to help me study for my chem exam?"

"Sorry Chels, I can't. I'm going to Keith's room."

"For what? You promised you'd help me study. I really need your help Jens, you promised."

"Chelsea I said I can't, okay? Lay off. Michael did well in chem; why don't you ask him?" Jensen was getting more and more sarcastic everyday.

"Okay, calm down," Chelsea reached for Jensen's glass on the table, "can I have a sip?"

"No!" She grabbed the glass before Chelsea could touch it. "There's more in the fridge."

"What is your problem? I just wanted a sip. If I'd wanted a full of glass I would have gotten it myself. What's going on Jensen? Talk to me."

"Nothing!" She grabbed the glass, took a big gulp and turned for the door but stopped. I had to hide so she wouldn't see



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me. "Chelsea," she turned back toward her, "I have to tell you something. I don't have to; actually I want to tell you okay?"

"Sure."

"Okay," she took a big breath and began, "what if I told you Keith and I drank that rum that Mike found? Is that wrong? You drink. I mean it wasn't a big deal, but Keith and I had a really good time hanging out having a couple of drinks watching a movie. Most of the UCLA campus drinks Chelsea; why do I have to be different?"

"You don't have to be different Jens but from the experience you've had your mother I thought you'd be a little more careful that's all."

"My mother had the problem, not me. For cryin' out loud Chelsea, Keith said you'd react like this and he was right."

"He wasn't right Jensen. He doesn't even know us that well. So where does he get off making judgements about us and since when do you agree with them?"

"I don't need this Chelsea. You're not my mother. My mother didn't even care about what I did, so why do you?" Jensen grabbed the glass, took one more gulp and slammed out of the room.

I ducked around the corner so she wouldn't see me standing there.

Two weeks before graduation Jensen and I still weren't talking to each other. I was still reeling from what I'd overheard outside of Jensen's dorm room. Keith was bad news for her and I couldn't do anything to help her. Chelsea gave up too. She and Jensen barely talked, even when Jensen was in her room which wasn't very often. I got through finals and most of Senior Week up until the day of the Semester Dinner. I couldn't sit back anymore and watch Jensen ruin what we had. I went to her room to talk to her. I knocked on the closed door and waited. I got no response so I knocked louder and still got no response. I was turning to leave when the door flew open and Jensen stood there glaring at me.

"What?"

"Hi," I stumbled, "can we talk for a minute?" Looking at

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her I could tell there was something wrong. Her eyes were red, her hair was a mess and her clothes looked like they'd been slept in."

"Why?" She questioned, "I didn't think we had anything left to talk about. Keith is coming to pick me up and I have to get ready."

"You're all ready aren't you? I love that outfit." She wasn't the only sarcastic one. "Who did your hair?"

"Get to the point Michael," she stumbled to the glass on the desk.

"Isn't it a little early for cocktails? Where's Chelsea?"

"I thought you came to talk to me? Your girlfriend didn't come home last night so I don't know where she is." Her ever present sarcasm was beginning to annoy me.

Ignoring her remark, I continued, "I want to talk about us Jensen."

"What us?" She laughed, continuing to hold tightly to her salvation. "I thought we were over."

"We don't have to be. Can't we talk about this and try and get us back on track? Isn't it worth a shot or is Keith more important?" I was afraid to hear her answer.

"We have a problem Jensen and we need to talk about it."

"What do you mean when you say a problem? What problem are you referring to? Keith? Is he your problem? How about alcohol? Is that your problem or is that my problem?" She was pacing the room now and almost screaming. "Well?"

"Actually it's all of the above." Now I was yelling.

"Get off it. I don't have a problem. Do you wonder why I hang around Keith? He doesn't nag."

"You mean he doesn't care," was my reply, "I care."

"You strangle," she was fixing her hair.

"I'm not going to let you push me away. We went through this in high school and I'm not going to let you do it again. Why do you fight me dammit? Why?" I was losing control now. "Talk to me!"

She hesitated a moment before she grabbed her coat and went toward the door, it's over," her voice cracked as if she were crying, "face it." She was gone.



I went to the cafe to find Chelsea and instead I found the one person on the UCLA campus that I didn't want to find.

"Mikey-boy," Morgan yelled across the cafe, "what's up?"

"Not now Morgan."

"Jensen's a great girl Mikey, thanks!" He laughed.

"You listen to me," I grabbed him by the shirt and pushed him to the wall, "don't you ever say her name to me okay? You took away the best thing that ever happened to me. I won't listen to you joke about it. Got it! Stay away from me."

I threw him in the chair and turned around. Jensen entered the cafe. I ignored her dismayed reaction with what I did. I didn't want to deal with it anymore. I knew I'd have to deal with it that night anyway.

I was back in my room getting ready for the dinner when Chelsea called to say she was running late and needed more time. "Okay," I said pausing a minute actually thinking of asking if Jensen was there but I decided against it. I wanted to get through the night with little stress and still have a good time but it looks doubtful.

I was lucky when I got to Chelsea's room and found that the odd couple had already left. That was a plus. The entire evening wasn't a complete bust, the food was good, the entertainment wasn't bad and I got to see lots of friends. All the good things didn't make up for the fact that Jensen was out of my life. I had to face it. She was gone and she was a drunk. It made me sick to think about it. Still, all in all, the evening went by without any incidents.

"How are you doing?" Chelsea asked while we were driving back to her dorm. "I'm proud of you, you didn't beat the hell out of Keith. You were very restrained," She laughed.

"Thanks," I replied, "a lot of good it did me huh?"

"She'll come around Mike." I didn't know if she was trying to convince me of that herself.

Graduation day finally arrived. After graduation there was no guarantee I would ever see Jensen again. I had to face the possibility that I would have to let her go and I wasn't ready for that. It was tough. I was graduating from college and I was

supposed to be psyched, but I wasn't. I wanted to stay. I wanted to go back to the first day we came here when we sat in the football stands and talked about what was ahead for us. I wanted to do it over again and this time I wanted it in such a way that what had actually happened would not have happened. Stop acting like a child, I thought to myself. Dreaming like that is for kids. It doesn't work for adults. Life still goes on and Fate plays her hand.

The band played "Pomp and Circumstance." The graduates marched to the stands in orderly rows. I walked with Chelsea and my roommate Kevin and Jensen ahead three rows with Carolyn and the meathead. It made me sick to see it.

The ceremony was a long and drawn out torture for me. Sitting in the hot sun with twenty-five hundred other people listening to a nerd valedictorian and an egomaniac class president speak of a bright future that I just didn't see wasn't exactly my idea of fun. I would rather have had a root canal. The end finally came and we got to put the tassel over the other side of that incredibly stylish cap we were wearing and the college president pronounced us graduates.

The war was over. I could finally concentrate on my self pity and agony that would fill my days to come. I could see Jensen leave with Mr. Football and I could get it over with.

Chelsea and I went back to her dorm to change clothes and go to a friend's party. The big end-of-the-year bash. Jensen wasn't there when we got there. "Y'know Chelsea, it sure makes life a lot easier now that Jensen spends less time in her room and more time with her new boyfriend," I said sarcastically, "it's a good thing too that she picked up this cool new drinking habit to make this breakup easier on the both of us."

"You call Jensen sarcastic. She can take lessons from you pal." We left the building.

"Are you okay Mike?" Chelsea asked as we pulled up to the party, "Do you want to talk about it?"

"Me? What would I possibly have to talk about Chels?" She rolled her eyes and held my hand for reassurance. I still had her.

What luck. The first person I saw when we went inside



was Jensen. If I had known I'd be this lucky in life I would have played the lottery more often.

She stumbled by me and she had that now all too familiar glass in her hand. She was dressed real casual and her hair was up in a barrette. She looked beautiful. I looked into her eyes as she walked by me and what I saw scared me. Her once beautiful brown eyes seemed hazy and glassed over and they had a faraway look in them as if she were looking at something that wasn't even there. I took a seat out on the patio by the pool and thought about what had transpired over the last semester. I couldn't believe it was over. Jensen and I were finished. It had been seven weeks since we were happy and the clock was still ticking. I couldn't understand how she let herself get sucked into that endless pit of self destruction that she saw her mother fall into. She was not the same. She was always too smart to play those games.

"Michael?" The trance I had fallen into was broken. My heart leapt into my throat to see Jensen standing before me with tears in her eyes and my UCLA baseball jacket in her hand. "I have to give this to you."

"What?" I asked non-coherently, "give me what Jensen?"

"This," she dropped the jacket on my lap, "I can't keep it."

"I gave it to you Jens, what good will it do me. I don't need it."

"I don't want it!"

"Yeah, whatever. Keith will probably give you his football jacket anyway right? That's real sweet," I retorted, "why don't you give it to one of the homeless people on Sunset Boulevard and do someone some good."

She turned to walk away but stumbled and just sat down on the bench behind her, "Get off your high horse pal, I've had enough. You always thought you knew what was the best for me and that you'd be able to take care of me whenever I was in trouble but you failed." She stood up to go and I grabbed her by the shoulder and pulled her back down, "you're a good looking guy Michael, your beautiful blue eyes haven't failed you yet. You'll get another girl to take care of," she slurred sarcastically.

"Okay Jensen. I did all those things that you consider

horrible because I loved you. I wanted to take care of you because I thought you deserved it because your mother never could do it for you! I wanted to help you and be there for you. But I see you don't need that now because you have the booze to help you. I'm sorry if you think caring for you was wrong," I got madder with each word I spoke, "You're not worth my love, now, Jensen."

I've been trapped in this Wonderland you live in for too long and it's time for this Alice to go back through the looking glass," she stared at me so long I thought she was looking right through me. It scared me to see her so unusual and out of control. She was always in control of her life and everything she did. She never let her feelings make her totally out of control. This was not the Jensen I loved or the Jensen I wanted. It was time to let her go. I couldn't have a friend like this anymore. No more pretending on the surface that she was gone and down hoping she'd come back to me because like my childhood fantasies, she was gone too. I couldn't hold on to her hoping she'd stay because it just pushed her deeper into her dark world. I thought back to when I was young and played in the sand on the beach. You'd grab a fistful of sand and the tighter you held on to it the more slipped through your fingers. I should have learned my lesson.

"Thanks for the best four years of my life Jensen, even if you can't say the same," my voice began to crack, "I'll always remember you."

"Yeah," was all she said until she turned to go, "Michael?"

"Huh?"

"When you get married and have a nice family and lots of kids and a dog and when one of your kids is in that awkward stage in life when they experience their first love," she hesitated, "and you have to give them advice to help them through it."

Yeah, what?"

"Well when you talk about the first girl that you loved and you talk about how she broke your heart," there were tears in her eyes, "speak kindly of me okay?"

I reached up to touch her hand, but she pulled away. I wanted to make her feel better, but I stood up. Standing face to face she said to me, "I loved you in my own way. The only way I



knew how." She turned from me and walked by the pool and into the house. She was gone.



## Old Man

*Jamie P. Chandler*

Danny introduced himself to me the day I moved into my apartment. He had a big round bald head and big blue bulging eyes like Homer Simpson. He wore a pair of blue unzipped work pants, and a torn khaki canvas work coat.

He always wore that same outfit. But sometimes he varied it a bit. He'd wear a navy blue knit hat to match his pants, or keep his belt unbuckled to match his zipper.

He used to walk around the building late at night with a flashlight, which he sometimes flashed on my car, or on his sister's house. These things didn't bother me. I only got mad when he made noises in the hallway under my bedroom when I slept, or yelled on his telephone under my living room when I watched TV.

On Monday nights, when I brought the trash out around ten-thirty, he'd stand on his porch until I walked back up the driveway. Then he'd run real fast inside his apartment like I scared him. He'd do this when I drove my car into the driveway sometimes too.

I called him the old man when I talked about him with my friends. But Amanda believed he was the bogeyman; Tasha said she wouldn't visit me alone. They were both afraid of him.

Billy, a plumber I know from Dedham, told me last Wednesday that he saw Danny all the time at Dottie's Diner in Hyde Park. Billy said Danny came in at the same time, sat in the same spot, ordered the same breakfast, pulled out the same change purse, and payed the waitress in exact change without a tip. Billy also said that if Danny's breakfast wasn't cooked right, he'd yell at the waitress until he got his breakfast back the way he wanted it.

Billy told me this last Thursday. On Monday, I didn't go to work because of the snow. Around noon I decided to go to the laundromat. I didn't see the newspaper on my stairs when I brought my laundry basket out to my car, so I fell and my clothes went everywhere. I got mad at Danny; I thought he put the newspaper on the stairs.

Mr. Raymond, Danny's brother-in-law, opened the door to



Danny's apartment.

"Who's that?" Said Mrs. Raymond, Danny's sister and my landlord.

"It's the young fella," he said.

Mrs. Raymond came to the door. Her clothes and hair were a mess, but her nails looked nice.

"How are you Mrs. Raymond?" I said.

"Danny died last Monday?"

"I didn't know," I said. "I'm so sorry."

I thought he made the noises in the hall last night. I didn't know what to say.

"When was the wake?"

"Thursday."

"You should have called me and told me. I would have went."

"I thought you might have read his obituary in the newspaper, but then I remembered this morning that you young people sometimes don't read the obituaries."

"That's true."

"The last time I saw him was last Saturday night. He had a real bad cold. I talked to him Sunday morning on the phone, and he said he felt better. But Mr. Raymond found him Monday morning on the floor with his hands on his stomach."

"What was it? Was it a heart attack?"

"The doctor said it might have been his heart."

"How old was he?"

"Fifty-nine. Did you hear anything Sunday night?"

"I heard yelling around midnight. But it sounded like he was on the phone or something."

"I wonder what he could have been yelling at?"

She stared at the floor and then cried. I didn't know if I ought to put my arm on her shoulder or just stand there, so I stood there. I left after I asked her if she needed any help.

On my drive I thought about the old man, his bald head and his unzipped pants. What if those yells Sunday night were cries for help?



## The Huntress

*Michelle Chard*

Pursuit begins, and the fox, she flees.  
She keeps her pace in the cold stinging breeze.  
She searches and seeks; she knows not for what.

With a double-edged sword,  
a man's heart she must cut.

She shows no mercy, for her heart is cold.

A man's life on the line,  
it is bought, and then sold.

At first glance she is harmless,  
a sweet little girl.

But hidden within is a dangerous pearl.

Beyond the limits of mortality she lies,  
waiting to strike her innocent prize.

She knows no feeling. She knows no pain.

She hits hard

like the pelting of a thunderous rain.

The victim, it seems, is all of mankind,

unaware of her power,

he is helplessly blind

to the various ploys and traps which she sets

without a hint of question

or a trace of regret.

For the man, there's a wound

that shan't ever be healed,

but for her,

another kill,

then back to the field.





## Hunger

*Rachel Cohen*

His hungry eyes are like a tiger fixed on his prey.  
He stares at his lover.  
His loins throb.

He yearns for the touch of her soft luscious lips.

Slowly,  
they kiss.  
Their arms entwined like snakes.  
Skin to skin,  
touching and exploring each others bodies;  
their passion overwhelms them,  
and  
they can't wait a minute longer.

A moment of  
pure,  
heavenly  
ecstasy.

They lay in each others arms and hold each other,  
for the last time.

They fall into a deep sleep.  
Secure.  
Knowing that their love lasts,  
forever.



## Some Thoughts From My Roommate

*Paul Devin*

I am a tiny Tarzan,  
but I choose no Cheetah and no Jane.  
I turn my own juice into  
the vines from which I swing.

Carpenters and builders boast of their industry,  
of how they construct from the ground up,  
but I, I build like a woman  
from the inside out,  
I make my house from me.

My house is my dinner plate,  
it is where my supper lands  
kicking and screaming.

So perhaps I've borrowed some space or  
commandeered a corner.  
That is no cause to kill me.  
Do I deserve such treachery after  
all my unseen chores?

There is a special sentence for  
this kind of murder:  
a sentence of eight years,  
eight years bad luck.  
A year for each leg.





## The Candle

*Allison Frank*

The radiant color of red,  
 Slowly melting away,  
 Wrapping the stick with drops of its past.  
 The strong scent of spice fills the air.  
 The touch is soft and delicate against my skin.  
 Trying not to ruin its shape  
 I stick my finger in its pool of wax.  
 It hurts for just one moment.  
 Hoping its existence will last forever,  
 realizing the flame just died out.  
 Now all that is left are spots of red  
 and the fragrance still lingers.



## Untitled

*Sasha Goldman*

I was sitting in the smoke-filled jazz club  
 listening to the red hot blues-mama  
 belting spicy lyrics and sudden rhythmic shifts  
 chugging grooves  
 and her hot headed spirit kept the music cooking.





## The Death Card

*Stacy Harris*

I am boxer shorts and sweat pants, bare breasted in the wind.

I am silken breath, scented air, and stronger than cool steel.

I am sleeker than the mist,  
deeper than a labyrinth,  
darker than my pupils would dare ever tell.

I am trapped within romance,  
embodied with never-ending faith,  
and nearly faithless with trust.

I have tasted death,  
danced with denial,  
and have known a million tragedies.

For I was a million and one.

I have stared down a self-poured glass of hemlock,  
and rose to its defeat.

I am fearful, frightful, and forgiving.

I am the maker of tears,  
the impenetrable breather of release.

The poet,  
artist,  
creator.

I am the lover of life.

I taste like the ocean at dawn in the spring.

I am polished sea glass,  
fluid, curved, and gleaming.

I am enticing and needing.

I ache to give pleasure.

I am sister to the Earth,  
the dirt, wind, fire, and air  
these are my family.

I am free to kiss the night as she comes,

I ride the cycles fiercely,  
knowing the quest.

I am knowing of why.

I own my truth,

I have earned it.

I was once Sisyphus's sister  
and now I stand at the shoulder of Atlas.

I own the lute.

I create the magic.

I am the blooming native love,  
the feather of freedom,

the daughter,

lover,

empress,

hermit,

fool and goddess,

tumbling, churning, and writhing,

empowered and alive.

I can not be broken!





## Untitled

Shawna Hough

Imagine sitting on a forty-two foot by eight foot boat. Your quarters are only four by six foot. Just picture having to go to the bathroom so badly and come to find out, it is on the deck. The toilet is a old Chevron gas bucket. You dispose of your waste by dumping it into the ocean and then you have to scrub the bucket for the next person in line. Try not being able to take a shower, except maybe once a month. Otherwise you have to sneak out to land in the middle of the night by skiff and grit your teeth, plunging into the Alaskan icy cold waterfalls, which are melting with last winter's snow. Oh, the food. Well, once the plane does its rounds, depending on the weather, the crew members swarm to the plane like wild animals. When the weather permits you to fish all day and all night trying to get every possible "set" in before the weather breaks. Sometimes you do not sleep for days and if you do get to sleep, it is only for a couple of hours. The job is rough especially for someone who likes to wear clean clothes and look decent.

I remember the first time I was ever forced to go out to that sea of death. My mother's crew member got hurt and she needed someone quickly and no one wanted to go out since the year was going to be a bad one. The salmon had not arrived yet and time was running out for them before they spawned. Therefore my mom wanted me to accompany her. She told me over and over that it would be easy and she would take good care of me. I agreed and we were off. I remember sitting out on the deck watching my town slowly turn from a faint image to absolutely no image at all. Then and there, I began to feel woozy and sick to my stomach. I never thought I would become seasick. I threw up for twenty-six hours trying anything to get myself to fall asleep. I never felt so sick. My mother told me I was going to be all right, but at the same time she made me watch the smaller boats, map out our destination, get her coffee, and do many other tasks I did not feel like doing. I knew then I was in for one of the biggest challenges of my life.

We arrived at our fishing destination. It was behind a

volcano, where there was no one else in sight. I could not even see the main shore. At that time I was miserable and I had not even started to fish. My mother told me I could lie down and rest then. As soon as I laid down in my miniature bunk, I started to feel drops of water fall on me. It was the moisture of the boat. It felt like a rainstorm. I could smell the mildew starting to grow. I was so grossed out! Then I smelled something rotten. It was my uncle's old socks. Boy I should have known that if he had foot odor problems on land, he sure would out at sea. His piles of smelly socks just grew in size as the summer went on.

My mom decided that since I was a girl, it would be better for me to sleep with her, on the top of the boat where she slept. So the rest of the summer I slept with her. I liked that better because I was more free with her to tell her that she smelled. I was the type of girl that every time I touched a fish I would want to wash my hands. Since the fresh water supply was limited, I was not allowed to wash my hands but once a day before dinner. I took advantage of it, but the others did not. They were happy washing their hands in the ocean. When it came to dinner time and there were fish that you needed to use your hands to eat, I did not eat. I inspected every single thing I consumed. If my mom or I did not make the food, I would not eat it, because you never knew if the other two crew members really washed their hands or if a fish scale accidentally fell in. The thought of food made me want to throw up. That was some fast diet I was put on. I then, out of desperate hunger, restored to eating prepackaged foods such as candy bars and handy snacks.

I remember begging everyday to take a shower at the big boat, the tender. This hundred foot boat was a total dream boat in comparison to the one I was on. It had a washing machine, showers, and many other things our boat did not. It was a good thing my mom and dad had good connections with the skipper of the tender and we caught a huge amount of fish, because he let me take a shower. I felt badly for a whole two seconds about being the only one able to take a shower. At that point I did not care. I was a little nervous though about being the only girl on board with twenty men who had been at sea for months. The shower by the way was



open, full of windows and there was no door to close. I would never have known if someone was watching me. I was just thankful to have taken a shower.

The fishing had not even started and I was miserable. When we did start fishing I thought things could not be worse. I was wrong. Everyone yelling at everyone and calling them names I never even heard before. My mom was the one yelling most of the names too. For the first time in my life I saw my mother in a totally different way. To be candid she was a rough, mean, cruel person that did not sound like my mother. I probably stood there for a couple of minutes gazing in astonishment at her words. Then she started to call me names and belittle me. I was petrified and did what she said, crying the whole way. She made me pull in nets with the pulleys that were barely on board the boat. I thought for sure I was going to fall off the boat and into the motor. I tried to be careful because I knew that if I fell off, they probably would not find me. Because I was being careful, I was not pulling the net in fast enough for my mother; the mean sergeant yelled at me to go faster. Then the waves started to get bigger and bigger, and I started to get seasick. I tried to fight getting sick, but I couldn't prevent it. At this point I was puking and pulling in the net at the same time. I was so miserable.

When the set was finally over I thought the day was over too. Oh no, it only began for me. We fished for probably another eight to ten hours. Whenever the sets came in, I had to count the fish and throw them into the bottom of the boat. I was covered in fish scales. They were in my hair, mouth, clothes, and even my eyes. I thought I might as well have died. If I complained to my mom she would yell at me, telling me that if I wanted vacations, clothes, and even food, I was to do this and not complain. She did, though, give me a different duty, to "plunge". This meant that I was to take a ten foot pole with a cup at the end and plunge it into the water to make noise and bubbles so the fish would get scared and not go under the boat but into the net. I did this for the rest of the day but I think the others wanted me to stop because the pole was so long that I could not control it in such tight quarters. I kept hitting everyone in the head. My uncle told me to stop because he

did not want brain damage.

I just could not handle this job anymore. I had to leave this hell. How was I to tell my mother? She would kill me. I was so scared. I cried all the time silently because I did not want the others to know I was such a wimp. My body hurt. I was filthy. I smelled of fish. My hands were like bristle boards. All I could do was think of going home. I had to tell my mom. When I finally did tell her she was pissed off. I thought to myself, "how can I tell her I quit? She is my mother. She is the one who put clothes on my back, and food in my stomach." But somehow the words came right out. She said "fine." She probably thought I would change my mind by telling me I had already made a thousand dollars. I did not change my mind, I did not care about the money. I just wanted to go home.

My mother sent for a plane to come and get me, I climbed in and did not look back. I had always hated her for fishing before I went out myself because I never saw her and she became a different person. She told me not to knock it until I tried it and had all that money. So I tried it and it was the worst experience. There is no other word that comes to mind than hell. It was hell!

I learned a lot from fishing that summer. I learned that money does not matter when you are doing something that you hate. I also learned that I should not work for my mom again because she is too rough on me and even worse on her employees. I learned that when that when you work for family too be careful because they will always be there, and it is not like quitting any other job. I heard about this experience for years and years. I was even forced to go out a couple times the next summer and they purposely did not let me see the plane. I know now how to stand my ground. Whenever the word 'fishing' comes out of my mother's mouth, the word "no," comes out of mine.





## Idle Talk

*Andrew Horvet*

She confesses  
behind shining smiles  
and silken dresses,  
moving styles  
and graceful walk,  
gentle hands  
and idle talk,  
She stands  
and says in a vacant tone  
"I am all alone"



## Fine-Edged Feelings

*Tammy Mahoney*

These pictures in my hand  
are as sharp as the memories they evoke  
Remember all the things you had planned?  
I was lost in the words that you spoke.  
Your words once so tremulous and pure  
are now covered by a shadow  
that lay between us solid and sure  
from where I'll never know.

The beach was our refuge for so long.  
The rushes still whisper about you and me,  
The waves are still singing the song  
of how close we used to be.  
It was here that once we watched silently  
as the moonlight got lost in the new day.  
It was then you said you loved only me.  
Was love merely a game you liked to play?

But time must always move on  
I'll put the picture book back on the shelf  
Now that our time together is gone.  
I'll learn how to love myself.





# Untitled

*Tina Mahoney*

You gave me life,  
then tried to take it away.

You failed,  
and so I lived another day.

You tried to forget me,  
to hide me away  
But your secret was not kept.  
They took me one day.

Do you ever regret  
what you've done?  
The path you set,  
for one so young.

You thought I was gone  
and out of your way,  
But I'm well and strong  
and here today.



# A Day In Harvard Square

*T.J. Meade*

It's Friday afternoon the sun is out  
and everyone is out of school  
Short haired kids in braces and boots  
playing him for a fool

He went up to John to get a smoke  
and got laugh instead  
He threw a punch  
and then a bunch  
of kids  
were seeing red

GET OUT OF HERE YOU SCUM-BAG  
LEAVE THOSE KIDS ALONE

Everything went quiet  
and the crazy man went home





## It's Hard to Swallow

*William Pendergrast*

'Twas the bow that bled,  
In the sea of infinite wisdom.  
Running into the shore in the dead of night,  
Claiming rock as its victim.

Carrying the torch of misfortune,  
Sealing the cask of the weak  
Knowing nothing of Scripture,  
Unable to turn the other cheek.

The sea then turns to red,  
Like roses in mid season.  
Another image of you dies,  
Without rhyme nor reason.

That taste stays in your mouth,  
The worst you ever knew.  
It's the taste of your brother's blood,  
And there's nothing you can do.



## Picture of a Hungry Hog

*Sarah Peterson*

JACK. The refrigerator. The window. Jack on the left. The fridge on the right. Simplicity.

Little frilly curtains on the window which is in the middle. The large pig weighing the left side down. The blue fridge weighing down the other side. They looked each other dead in the eye. It balanced out.

Jack stared hungrily at the full refrigerator. Jack knew. He knew. He knew there was food in there. You could see it in his eyes, that desperate look of hunger. The picture totally captured the moment.

"An escaped pig from hell." An escaped pig from hell?

Jack the pig was pink. Jack was extremely large. And yes, he had escaped. But he was friendly enough, he had just escaped from this pig pen. And he was hungry. Jack was definitely hungry.

This picture of Jack was so intriguing. Jack was the focal area of the image. Yes, an image. A shimmering, dreamy image of an enormous pig named Jack who was anxiously staring at the blue refrigerator. A dream. A dream about Jack.

He was just a regular looking pig. And the fridge was pretty ordinary; too, except it was blue. But supposing the possibility that it could have been neon pink with green stripes, the fact that it was blue was not way out of the ordinary. It kind of looked like a country kitchen. Maybe it was a house on a farm. It was a house on a farm. The kitchen had an ordinary sink smack in the middle of the picture below the window with the frilly curtains. It was like a triangle: Jack, the totally adorable pig, situated in the lower left hand corner and then the window was in the upper middle and the really cool blue fridge was in the lower right. It was so simple. So plain. So regular. So ordinary. Uneventful. Boring. Yet this, shimmering, dreamy image sticks out in my mind.

**PIGS RULE!**

Jack had chewed through the rope which he kept the gate to his pen tied. It was no longer tied. Jack not only chewed through the rope because he was so hungry. Jack was seriously hungry.

On a rampage for food, any food, Jack bolted into the house. The house on the farm. And then there he was, in the kitchen. The kitchen. The kitchen with the blue refrigerator. Yes, there he was, staring at it.

"How do I get in it?" He thought to himself. So there he stood, staring. Staring at the blue fridge. For ten minutes Jack stared at it. Then all of a sudden he ran at it and jolted it. The door swung open. Jack was psyched. The first thing that caught his eye was a left over plate of Beef Wellington. Jack loved Beef Wellington, especially with a side of asparagus (of which there was plenty). Jack ate the B.W. and butter soaked asparagus. Jack was happy.

All the rest of the stuff he ate wasn't important, he just ate it to satisfy his raging appetite. The B.W. was the only thing that really made him want to go outside and do cartwheels down the street in his underwear. The B.W. was good. Jack was still happy.

He was content now. But what would he do? Where would he go? He had no money and no relatives. He was a swine on the loose. As loose as loose as a goose, and if he got recaptured, he would have his head in a noose. Jack was a pig on the run.

Wait—maybe no one would notice. Nobody saw him break free and go mad in the kitchen. Maybe he could just stay on the farm and pretend that nothing had happened. Could he do it? Could he play it off? Did he want to? No.

So off he went. Off into the wilderness. To fend for himself. To live the life of a fugitive (or in this case a fugipig). Jack was gone. But at last we knew he was happy: after all, he did eat Beef Wellington with asparagus as his last meal on the farm. He had been a hungry hog. A hog so hungry, he had to resort to a life of crime.

Good-bye, Jack.



## The Rose

Michele Rosenberg

These words are trapped  
inside me  
like a tightly grown rose,  
petals so soft  
and fragrance so sweet.  
You slip  
by my petals, feeling  
their softness and  
smelling the sweetness  
that lives deep within my essence.

I am unprotected.  
There are no thorns  
left to protect me  
from you.

Take me  
and let me live  
in the beautiful greenness  
of your mind.

Let me show you  
my beautiful color  
my sweet scent and  
my unbridled trust.

Keep your garden safe  
from storms  
and let the warm  
orange-gold sun  
warm our lives  
together.





## Easy Way Out

Stephanie Baker

Being a teenager is a tough job. I don't think I realized just how difficult my teen years were until I was an adult. I think the later years between the ages of fifteen and nineteen are the worst because you have a lot of decisions to make. During those years is when you're faced with problems like boyfriends, girlfriends, drugs, alcohol and premarital sex and sadly not every teen has someone who is willing to listen and help answer the questions you have. It's the tougher problems that eat teens up inside until you can't stand it anymore.

Rachel was seventeen years old. She was well-built, had a pretty face, big blue eyes, and a deep dark secret that she told to no one, until it was too late. Rachel kept her secret and nurtured it until one night alone in her bathroom Rachel ended her pain and let her secret out. By then it was too late; Rachel was dead.

I had the pleasure of knowing Rachel because she was the only sibling of my good friend Michelle. I met her when she was eleven years old. She was such a tomboy. She loved to play games that would get her dirty and the boys angry. Baseball was her favorite. She was good at it too. I think her best quality was her kindness. She never wanted to burden others with her problems no matter how big they were, and she was always willing to lend an ear to listen to someone else. Oddly enough I also think that was her worst quality. She was afraid to ask for help because she felt she should be able to solve her problems herself. Michelle and I would tell her she could talk to us about anything, but she very rarely, if ever, took us up on our offer. Should we have asked more often? Should we have been more persistent? Should we have talked about the problems we had at her age? So many questions and no answers.

When someone takes her own life the survivors are left with questions that will never be answered. Why? How come I didn't see her pain? How could I have prevented it? These questions echo in Michelle's head every day. She can't understand why her only sister wouldn't come for help. How bad could her

problems have been? Was her solution to them worth it? Rachel was seventeen and had everything to live for. She was young and problems have a way of working themselves out. She didn't try. She was afraid and she kept her dark secret inside until it destroyed her.

It took three weeks of wondering and trying to deal with the pain of their loss before Rachel's family came face to face with the truth.

Emotions were out of control. Michelle was angry with her sister. Rachel took the easy way out. Things got tough and she didn't want to deal with them so she checked out. Michelle missed her. Sometimes she missed her so badly she didn't sleep or eat. She wanted to know why this tragedy had to happen. She went to Rachel's room when she wanted to be close to her. Michelle went to Rachel's closet and looked at the clothes that would never again be worn by their owner. She could picture Rachel in almost every outfit and she began to cry. She sat on the floor and cried. She found a box in the closet and looked through it. Under an electric blanket in the box she found what she so desperately wanted and at the same time feared the most, answers.

In Rachel's diary she read the terrible story that you'd only read about in books or see in movies. The things she read made her sick to her stomach. Michelle felt betrayed by her sister. Rachel wrote about fear. She feared her parents would find out she was expecting a child. The child of a man her boyfriend admired most in the world, his father.

She wrote that it happened one night when she was at her boyfriend's house waiting for him to come home. She sat quietly on the couch watching television expecting to see her boyfriend at any moment. That was when his father began to make his moves. He called it affection between two adults, but Rachel called it rape. She was too scared to tell anyone because she believed, like they show on television, that she would be made to look like she asked for it. The offender apologized for his indiscretions and she accepted his apology. Like many victims, Rachel was deceived. She was deceived once by the way victims are shown to be to blame for the crimes inflicted on them, she was deceived a second

time by the adult that was supposed to show himself as a model and she was deceived a third time by the home pregnancy test that gave her positive reading.

I don't think there is anything any of us can do to prepare ourselves for tragic death like suicide. We can't ready ourselves for the pain or hide from the hurt. It comes upon us like a deluge of rain, a flood; we have to swim for the top or die trying.

Rachel always seemed happy to me. She loved her life. He did well in school, had lots of friends and a boyfriend who adored her as much as she adored him. She went to public school in the city and had a part time job after school and on the weekends. I didn't believe it when I heard what had happened. Michelle's father found her early in the morning. Michelle was crying badly when she told me. She was hyperventilating and had to give the phone to her boyfriend Stephen. I went numb. Rachel was dead. I couldn't imagine what could have been so tough to deal with. I felt terrible. I didn't notice the pain that was tearing her apart. I wished I could have helped her. Suicide to me is such a senseless death. It's a permanent solution to a temporary problem. The pain it inflicts on those that are left behind to pick up the pieces is inexcusable. When I was seventeen I wanted to go on living because I knew it would get better and I had dreams. Did Rachel have no dreams for the future? Did she believe all her days to come would be cloaked with the dark secret she held?

The wake was a terrible experience for me. I entered the funeral home and the first thing I recognized was the stale smell of death. I entered the room full of grieving friends and relatives comforting each other and everyone asking the magical question why. Rachel was lying peacefully in the casket wearing a blue linen dress. As I approached, I could see nothing but the casket with its shiny brass bars and white silk liner. The scent of flowers and the aroma of death combined in such a way that it turned my stomach inside out. I couldn't move. I was frozen in my steps just two feet from the body. A friend behind me took my hands and led me to the kneeler to pay my last respects.

I rose from the kneeler and turned to see Carol, Rachel's mother. One of her relatives told me she was heavily sedated, so

she was being held up her husband. She babbled incoherently about how parents were not supposed to bury their children.

I moved down the line and came upon her grandmothers. Each elderly woman had her own way of dealing with the grief. One cried uncontrollably while the other just praised the fact that she was with God and no longer in pain.

Michelle was the toughest one to see. This would change her for good. Her unusual wild hair and bright colored clothing had been replaced by a simple black dress and neatly tied-back hair. I hugged her tightly and told her everything would be okay, but I knew deep down that it wouldn't. Suicide leaves many victims, not just one.

Rachel was laid to rest early one March morning. A brisk, late winter wind froze my tears to my cheeks. Michelle collapsed into Stephen's arms; the Priest's eulogy was too much for her to bear. He said, "she lived only a short time but she touched the lives of each one of us in her own special way -- and none of us will ever be the same again."





## Lodz

Jamie P. Chandler

**Cast:**       **Chiam:** Jewish father  
                   **Alina:** Jewish mother  
                   **Jerzy:** young son under age nine.

**Scene:**       *Late winter 1941 in the Lodz Ghetto of Nazi occupied Poland. A small cramped apartment with a table and some chairs, a sink, and a hutch with a few bowls in it and a framed picture on a shelf. A small stove and a wall sink. A dirty window. A door.*

*Darkness*

**At Rise:**     *Silence. Chiam and Alina mime a heated discussion. Both wave their hands and pace around. Alina takes a small package from her apron. She shows it to him, but Chiam shakes his head: no. She is forceful. He takes it from her waving his hand: no. The mime occurs for two to three minutes. Alina looks out the window at the end of the mime. Chiam holds the package and looks at it.*

**Alina:**

Let the Germans come. They can try to take our family but we will resist them. We will resist them in our own way. *(She motions toward the package Chiam holds.)*

**Chiam:**

*(He looks at the package for a moment)* Alina Please. We must not. *(Pause.)* You heard Rumkowski. It is a ruthless order, but one which must be carried out so that we all do not die. I do not want more bloodshed. *(Raises his hand with the package slightly.)*

**Alina:**

You talk like the Judenrat. All they care about is their own survival. *(She turns from him and walks to the hutch where she takes*

*four bowls and places them on the table.)*

**Chiam:**

*(Paces around while she does this. Looks at the package again.)*

**Alina:**

*(Turns from the table and looks at him.)* Do you really think Rumkowski will deliver his children and his mother to Hitler?

**Chiam:**

Rumkowski is as sad as we all are.

**Alina:**

Sad? Do you remember when he distributed the yellow cards for exclusion from labor. Sad indeed. All those cards went to the Judenrat. *(Pause)* Those pigs *(She stomps her foot hard and turns from him. Arms crossed. Slight pause. She walks toward the sink and turns to him).* I will not send my family to the Germans.

**Chiam:**

*(Moves the small package around.)* You speak as though we will never see Mama and the children again. They will be resettled. *(His hand tightens around the package.)* Not murdered.

**Alina:**

You ignorant fool. When will you accept what is going on and stop clinging to your delusions. The Nazis are going to kill us. Do you think they cared about our safety and happiness when they destroyed our homes, our hospitals? We are just rats to them. Vermin! *(Pause. She looks at him.)* Vermin to be incinerated like garbage.

**Chiam:**

*(Covers his eyes and turns away.)* No! I will not believe this. You listen to rumors. *(He opens his hands and raises them. The small package drops on the floor without his notice.)* Rumors! The



children and Mama will be resettled. We must save the community.

**Alina:**

*(She grabs his arm.) Rumors? (Waves her arm in the air.) Is this a rumor? (She points her arm toward the window.) Is death and starvation a rumor! (She takes a step back.) My family is not excess baggage to be cast overboard to save this sinking ship.*

*(Silence for a few moments. Chiam stands with his arms crossed with an intense expression. Alina walks to the table, looks at one of the bowls and then looks out the window again.)*

**Alina:**

We must take control of our fate.

**Chiam:**

What have are lives become? *(Walks to the hutch and takes a small framed picture from the shelf and looks at it.)* We were so happy. *(He puts the picture down and holds onto the hutch. Another silence.)*

*(A little boy bursts through the door. Dried blood is on his shirt. He is excited.)*

**Jerzy:**

Mama. Papa. Moshi and I went to get bread. *(He pulls two packages of bread from his shirt. Alina moves toward him.)* Look Mama I got two. *(Holds the loaves up to her.)* We will have a feast.

**Alina:**

Jerzy. Where is Moshi? Is he right behind you?

**Jerzy:**

*(Pause. He looks at both of them.)* They got him.

**Alina:**

What do you mean they got him? Did someone try to steal his bread?

**Jerzy:**

No Mama. *(Pause.)* They shot him. *(He puts the loaves on the table.)* Moshi is dead.

*(Alina and Chiam are dead silent for a few moments. Jerzy sits at the table and breaks a small piece off the bread. Alina becomes hysterical and begins to weep. She goes to the sink.)*

**Chiam:**

*(Holds his hands to his face.)* No *(Whispers)* No *(Louder. Weeps.)*

**Alina:**

*(Weeps but then becomes silent for a few minutes. Turns from the sink and walks quickly to Chiam and slaps him.)* Now we will not have to send him away! *(She falls into the chair and puts her face in her arms weeping.)*

**Chiam:**

*(In shock. Paces around. Long pauses. Kicks the small package on the floor. Remembering what it was. He picks it up and looks at it. He opens the package and some tablets fall into his hands. He looks at them for awhile.)*

**Jerzy:**

*(During these events he breaks another small piece off the bread, leaves the table, and walks into the shadows.)*

**Chiam:**

*(Walks over to Alina and holds his hand on her shoulder for a few minutes. Occasionally stroking her hair while she weeps and moans. He looks at the tablets and slowly puts them down next to the loaves and stares at them. Blackout)*





## Finally You

*Stacey Harris*

She wore that shirt again,  
 The one that makes her eyes  
 compete with the stars, and win.  
 The one that makes my knees buckle  
 and makes my mind wander  
 to places without pain, full of crisp air  
 and immortal wisdom.  
 She did it again,  
 took my breath away with the blink of an eye.  
 The intenseness of her gaze astounds me.  
 Sending me sailing through the universe,  
 on billows of lavender mist.  
 She said it again.  
 That verse which makes me know,  
 which sets the butterflies loose,  
 slaps me in the head hard, 'til I laugh,  
 and answer, I love you too.



## 3AM

*Michele Rosenberg*

A grey coldness wraps  
 around me with the thickness  
 of a thunderous cloud.  
 I am weighed down by my own decision.  
 Torn into shameless petals  
 by my own words.  
 The reasons swell  
 in my head  
 as true as the constant tide.  
 But the pain breathes  
 a senseless life of its own,  
 drinking the same sweet water,  
 eating the same nourishing food  
 and simply exuding the sadness  
 that drips like slow-honey  
 from my eyes.

Tonight the darkness is lasting.  
 There is no sleep,  
 only the wake of sadness,  
 the want of your arms,  
 the longing for the comfort  
 in my own written words.

Tomorrow's light will come  
 silently through my windows  
 and will wake me  
 to another day of  
 shameless petals,  
 sweet water and  
 slow-dripping honey.



But for now,  
the darkness lasts  
and tomorrow  
seems too far to be day.



## The Myth of the Melting Pot

*Anonymous*

We were born  
in the promised land  
with the weight of each heavy promise  
crushing our shoulders.

Burden,  
a reminder  
of normalcy,  
of sadness,  
and  
of hypocrisy.

We were born  
learning equality  
we pledged together  
to honor, serve,  
and gleefully  
accept the commandments.

We were born  
friends, who shared equal opportunities  
of education,  
employment, and day dreams

We were born  
into a falsehood  
which ignored the small,  
recognized the majority,  
and praised the strong.

We were born  
in a bind  
which made you hate me  
for my differences  
my friend, my brother.



You have been taught  
to strike me, your sister,  
with an American-made brick--  
punish my weak soul  
for staying true  
to myself

We were born  
to be tools  
to recapitulate hate,  
to refuel fear, and  
recreate the moral majority

We were born to be tested,  
and trained--to be the elite,  
I failed the test  
and now  
my termination begins.

I was born  
exiled--  
in the land of the free,  
the home of the brave,  
I will die a slave  
taught that  
Hierarchy  
did not exist

The Silence  
I was told  
could never touch me here.  
But  
it will  
silence me  
to death.

